

THE
M—D C—b;

OR, THE
L—th. Consultation.

ET TU BRUTE?

Acheronta Movebo:

From a Correct Copy.

L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year, MDCCIV.

THE
M—D—P—
OR THE
L—th. Constitution.



Printed in the Year, MDCCLV.
LONDON.

(3)

T H E

M—d E—b. &c.

TO give the last Amendments to the Bill,
Which to the Saints portended so much ill,
To Curb the Commons, and their Ends defeat,
Right Reverend Twelve last Night at L—th met.
Tho' much of Lawn did round the Room appear,
Yet none but *Moderate-Men* of God were there,
Nor had been M—d more than Thirteen Year.
The Tea remov'd, the grave Assembly sat,
The Business of the Day fell in Debate,
This way and that their various Censures tend,
And some wou'd pass the Bill, but more amend:
At length with usual Vehemence aloud,
A Brawny B—p thus Harangu'd the Crowd:
'Far of from us let Persecution Reign,
'Slav'ry in *France*, and Bigottry in *Spain*.
'The best of Kings, the best of Gifts bestow'd.
'And Toleration by a Law allow'd,
'And bid us go to God which way we wou'd.

'Shall Moderate-Men from Top Preferments fall,
 ' Because they can't agree with us in all;
 ' ~~We may Esteem the Ore, yet drein the Dross,~~
 ' ~~May be good Christians, yet Condemn the Cross;~~
 ' May hate Cathedral Hymus, yet *Hopkins* sing,
 ' And Propagate without a Pagan Ring:
 ' No doubt the Bill by some well-meaning Men,
 ' Was but sent up to be sent down again:
 ' The Sacramental Test caus'd no Debates,
 ' That but their Souls, this, touches their Estates;
 ' It needs must give weak Consciences Offence,
 ' Rogues can't be so without a vast Expence;
 ' Should this unchristian bitter Bill succeed,
 ' 'Twould be a Woe to Hypocrites indeed,
 ' Away with it, 'tis one of *Benner's* Bills,
 ' I'm not for Saving Saints without their Wills.
 He said, from all a Kind contented Nod,
 The Reformation Writer's Thoughts applaud.

When streight a most melodious Sound was heard,
 And lo in White, a Rev'rend Form appear'd,
 His Hand a Crozier, a Mitre grac'd his Head,
 And whilst sweet Odours round the Room were spread
 Thus to them all the Sacred Shadow said.

' Since Time it self turns up the happy Hour,
 ' And Providence hath put it in your Power

To

'To Save the Flock, to Fence from out the Fold,
 'The Proling Wolf; will then your Hands with,hold?
 'Shall that pure Church for which the Martyrs bled,
 'And for which too, I Sacrific'd my Head,
 'Be by her B—ps into Bondage led?
 'Think, think, such Times may never come again,
 'Seldom such Sonates, never such a Queen.
 'Your Church's Fate you falsely fear from *Rome*,
 'Out of your *North* more likely 'tis to come:
 'One Faith's Defender having hurt Her more
 'Than all your Kings that ever Reign'd before;
 'Make then your legal Dams 'gainst Schism so high,
 'No Spring-Tide of Succession may destroy.
 He ceas'd, and so a Cloud resulgent Bright,
 Bore up the Saint to Realms of lasting Light;
 Fear, and a just Confusion fell on all,
 Old *Samuel's* Truths with trembling shook each *Saul*;
 Shame and Confusion sat on every Face,
 And even S—m felt some shocks of Grace:
 The Heav'nly Vision quite had chang'd their Will,
 And all without Amendments, now would pass the Bill—
 — When Strange!

After an Earthquake, and a Flash of Flame,
 Into the Room a Meagre Phantom came;
 His bending Bulk a Purple Robe hung o're,
 And in his Hands the Regal Ensigns wore.
 Struck with Surprise, each Reverence arose,
 And Homage paid, and Recogniz'd his Nose.

Sarum.

When casting on them all a dreadful Look.
With Indignation, thus the Spectre spoke.

False to your Faith, and to your Creator too,
To be to what's against your Intrest true.
Have I been lab'ring Thirteen Years and more,
That to destroy, which now you would restore.
Did I not Cull you out amongst the Crowd,
And made you All Right Reverend Things in God?
Did I not thro' the Surplice see the Saint,
Churchmen in shew, but Calvinists in Cant;
Forc'd you the Chair E——al to fill,
And M——d you almost against your Will.
And will you now at last Apostatize?
Think better on't, my former Friends, be Wise.
Is this a Trick in which you e'er can rise?
Can W——r tell with his Prophetick Vein,
When e'er he'll be L——d Almoner again?
Can Gl——r, Br——l, Zealous O——rd know
The happy Time when they shall not be so.
Throw off your Mask, and boldly now appear
The very Men the World once thought you were.
In Shapeless Air the Royal Bubble broke,
And that thin Form their wond'ring Eyes forsook.

When see, —

What great Success the Infernal Mission finds,
How soon the M——d Courtiers chang'd their Minds.
What feign'd Obedience the Apostates paid,
To Venerable Land's Angelick Shade;

At

*Epigram
Mixed*

*Worcester
His
Mixed
Oxford*

Mixed

At first occasionally Good for Fear,
 But the Surprize once vanish'd ; as they were.
 Thus 'midst his Pains a Debauchee Diseas'd
 Grew Penitent, and Piety profess'd ;
 But once Reliev'd, again the Gods he brav'd,
 Disown'd his Short-liv'd Grace, and swore he Rav'd :
 Thus *B—* first asham'd, of Meaning well
 Began, and whilst his Poys'nous Accents tell,
 The rest, with Ears prickt up, attend their Oracle.

Burnet

Larum

' My L—ds, shall *S—m* Live and not Maintain
 ' The Ancient League, 'twixt Godliness and Gain ;
 ' Far be the Starving Thought — full well you know
 ' What to our Unconforming Friends we owe ;
 ' By them intrusted with the Power we bear,
 ' The Orphan-Church was given to our Care ;
 ' So to the Kite's Protection Chicken are.
 ' *Land*, had he been less obstinately Good,
 ' Might here as once, with us to Night have stood,
 ' Not Cloath'd in Fluid Air, but Flesh and Blood.
 ' But he, weak Man, ne'er Learnt at *Amsterdam*
 ' That Conscience, and Preferment, were the same ;
 ' Believ'd it Justice, when he knew the Will,
 ' Deprav'd to tye Men up from doing Ill ;
 ' And thought that Persecution only True,
 ' Which Blood, for Causes of Religion, drew.
 ' To Seal this Truth he Dy'd.—But should I be
 ' Retrench'd, but from One Gallon of *Bohee*,

To

'To all the list'ning World I'd make appear
 'What Persecuting Folks, the C—n of ~~the~~ are.
 'But after all—Did ~~Land~~ indeed appear?
 'No, no, 'twas but the Creature of our Fear,
 'Whilst we the Bus'ness of this Bill discuss,
 'What have Celestial Forms to do with us
 'But Oh! the watchful Genius of our Cause,
 'His, without doubt, a true Appearance was,
 'Not all the Antick Vizard Masks in Hell
 'Could Represent our S— L—d so well,
 'Such Lines of Terrors in that Visage dwell;
 'And then what Truths th' Illustrious Vision said,
 'How fiercely our Apostacy Upbraid;
 'False to your Faith—No mighty Matter that;
 'But false to Interest, was a heinous Fault,
 'At Interest's powerful Name, the Factions Crowd
 'Impatient grew and clamorously Loud.
 'Then rose th' Assembly, ~~Una~~ *Here* cry'd,
 'Great is Diana! Let's throw the Bill aside,
 'Which did their Breasts with Resolution fill,
 'So fixt to act the Dictates of his Will,
 'They'd Damn themselves but they'd *Throw out the Bill!*

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